

I've just been out to take a walk,
And with nature had a talk;
I dearly love her dress of green,
As in the spring time it is seen.

I asked her where she found her robe;
She said on mother nature's globe,
That father God had sown the seed,
That furnished her with every need.

I asked her of her children rare,
Which in the spring come forth so fair,
With flowers so gay and leaves so green;
She said her name was May, the Queen.

The next she said was smiling June,
All full of life and beautiful bloom,
With hope and promise in her hand,
And on her heart a golden band.

The next she said was sweet July,
With truth and beauty in her eye,
Love in her heart which flows to all,
And answers every righteous call.

The next she said was more August,
But full of truth, and love, and trust;
And bountiful to all who need,
Her storehouse will the nations feed.

The next she said was sweet September,
And that her sisters would defend her;
For she is faithful as the sun,
And never leaves her work undone.

October comes without a fear,
And says she loves her sisters dear;
And sometimes in her eye is seen,
A ray of beauty most serene.

November comes more sad and drear,
With first a smile and then a tear;
She points us to the happy past,
And says she too is going fast.

December is a threatening child,
And on us seldom deigns to smile;
She says her time will soon be past,
And winter'll surely come at last.

She'll come with her chilly breath,
Will freeze her sisters all to death;
And spread o'er them the winding sheet,
And say they are not dead, but sleep.

Minneto, May 21, 1875.

A GIRL'S GOOD SENSE.

"Minnie! Minnie! is my chocolate near ready?"

It was scrupulously neat and dainty in all its appointments, the little parlor where Mrs. Brighton sat, although the carpet was a tissue of darns, the furniture faded, and the hearth rug skillfully eked out by a piece of quite another fabric inserted in the spot most worn. A few flowers, in a slender-throated vase, stood on an antique, claw-legged table, the fender-irons glittered like gold, and the thin muslin curtains, mended here and there, were white as snow; and Mrs. Brighton herself looked like Cinderella's fairy god-mother, in her dress of ancient brocade, best yellow lace, and the rings glittering on her small shriveled hands.

Eighty years old, and a lady to the last! That was something to be proud of. What though paralysis had robbed her of all use of those daintily-slipped feet—what, though the grand house she had entered a bride was now narrowed down to this one room in a second-rate building, where two other families also set up their household altars—she was a lady still, and she could boast that she never had degraded herself to commonplace toil.

"Our means are limited," said old Mrs. Brighton, with the lofty air of a duchess, "but the pension of my son, the Colonel—who, as you may probably remember, was killed on the Florida frontier—is sufficient to maintain myself and my two granddaughters—and we are ladies."

Minnie Brighton presently came in with her little chocolate on a napkin-covered tray, and slices of toast, exquisitely browned and cut as thin as a wafer.

"I hope you haven't been kept waiting, grandma!" she said.

"My dear!"—with an air of mild resignation—"I am accustomed to wait."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. But our fire is out, and I had to run in and borrow the use of Mrs. Tucker's stove to boil the chocolate, and—"

Mrs. Brighton contracted her silvery brow.

"The Brighton's are not a borrowing race, Minnie."

"Shall I get you an egg, grandmamma?"

"No, if the fire is out, my dear."

And Grandmamma Brighton went on with her breakfast, wearing an injured air, while Minnie went back to the other room, where she sat with her twin sister, cogitating.

Anna Brighton was as pretty as Minnie, but in a different style. She was dark, with melting, almond-shaped eyes, and olive skin, and lips like a pomegranate flower, so perfectly shaped, so richly red; while Minnie was tall and slender, and fair as a daisy.

Anna laid down a slip of greasy paper as Minnie entered.

"It's the grocer's bill again, sister. What shall we do?"

Minnie sank into a chair.

"And the gas yesterday, and the landlord not paid, and the purse is empty as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. What shall we do?"

"That's the question," said Anna, reflectively arching her jetty brows. "If we can only keep it from grandmamma."

"We must," retorted Minnie with a decisive nod. "It would kill her. If we were men, now, Nanny, we could go out and get a job of wood-sawing, or house-painting, or—"

"And why can't we now?"

"Why? Because Pat O'Neil has got all Mrs. Barker's wood to saw, and because we can't climb ladders with paint pots over our shoulders."

"But we can do something else, I suppose. Listen, Minnie—money we must have."

"If we go out on the highways and ask it at the point of the bayonet," interjected Minnie, gravely.

"There's no poverty like genteel poverty," her sisters sighed. But you haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Barker, the laundress in our top story, is sick."

The Deaf-Blind's Domestic.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IV.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1875.

NUMBER 23.

ery," her sisters sighed. But you haven't heard my plan. Mrs. Barker, the laundress in our top story, is sick."

"What then? We have neither wine nor jelly, nor yet crisp bank notes to bestow upon her."

"And she can't keep up to her engagements. There are two Swiss muslin ball dresses, fluted and puffed beautifully lying in her basket waiting to be done up, at this present moment. Five dollars apiece she has for them."

"Well?"

"I shall do them up."

"Nanny! You?"

"Well, why not? Think what a golden stream of pectolous ten dollars would be in our empty coffers! Ask yourself how on earth you or I could earn ten dollars any other way. And, after all, a Swiss muslin is a pretty, poetical sort of fabric to wash and iron; and into the bargain, poor Mrs. Barker keeps her customers."

"Oh, Nanny! have you come to that?"

"Now, you look and talk exactly like dear old grandmamma! Don't be a goose, Minnie! Just you invent some story about my promenading in the park, or taking lessons in wax flower making, to delude her credulous soul, while I go up stairs and coin money."

"But I may help you?"

"By-and-by, perhaps, if my wrists get tired. But now, some one must stay with grandmamma."

"It is very strange," said Miss Georgette Appleton, "that my dresses haven't come home! Positively, I shall have nothing to wear to-night."

She was lounging before the sea-owl fire, in a blue silk negligee, trimmed with swan's down, and a little French tangle of blue ribbons and lace pinned among her yellow tresses with a pearl-headed javelin, while a novel lay in her lap.

"What an awful case!" observed her brother carelessly. "Where's the amethyst silk?"

"Oh, I wore that to their last reception."

"And the pink crape?"

"I look like an owl in pink. I was a goose over to buy that silk."

"The Nile green silk with white flounces?"

"Sarah Howard has one just a shade lighter that she'll be sure to wear, and I believe the spiteful thing got it on purpose to kill mine. No, I must have the—"

flowers, and a Roman shawl figured with gold. And you'll go round to the laundress, and hurry her up a little, won't you, George? That's a duck of a brother!

—and you know perfectly well you've been yawning your jaws off the last three-quarters of an hour."

"Where is it?"

"Only in Mendenhall street—just a pleasant walk. And to give Mrs. Barker a scolding, and ask her if she don't know better than to keep her customers waiting—although, of course, I know you'll do nothing of the sort. Men have no moral courage. There's the address on a card. It'll be such a relief to my mind!"

Maj. George Appleton was an army officer, home on a furlough, and rather at a loss to know what to do with so much extra time. Rich, which was another source of perplexity! Handsome, which wasn't so puzzling!

And so he sauntered along, his hands in his pockets, and a cigar balanced between his lips, unconsciously advancing to meet his fate.

Rap! rap! rap! The Major played a tattoo with his knuckles on the door.

"Dear me, what a noise!" said a voice inside. "Come in!"—a little louder.

The Major walked in to confront, not a wrinkled old hag of a washerwoman, in a halo of soap and steam, but a beautiful young lady, dark and brilliant as an Arabian dream, with jetty curls pinned back in a silken cascade at the back of her head, and a pair of fluting scissors in her hand.

Maj. Appleton started back, all his wits momentarily deserting him. It is a curious fact that the more embarrassed one party in a tete-a-tete becomes the greater is the composure of the other. Anna Brighton should have colored and stuttered at being caught thus, but she didn't.

"What's your business, sir?" she asked, with great calmness.

"It's—it's about my sister's gown—Miss Appleton's you know?"

"Ah!" said Anna, "I hope to have it ready very soon. If you'll wait ten minutes you may carry it home."

And she took a second pair of fluting scissors from the stove, testing its heat by holding it dangerously near her velvet cheek.

Maj. Appleton, not being posted in etiquette and general deportment, saw no harm in carrying home a basket of newly-laundried clothes. So he sat down and waited, while honest Mrs. Barker started from the other room, where she lay upon her bed—a captive to rheumatic pains.

"She's in a hurry, you know," said the Major, twirling his thumbs, and thinking how very pretty the girl was.

"So am I," said Anna, making the fluting scissors glide in and out in a most marvelous manner among the clouds of sunny muslin.

"She wants to wear it," added the Major.

"But I say you—know—you're not a regular washerwoman?"

Anna slightly straightened herself up. "My father was a Colonel in the regular army. My grandfather was Hyde Brighton, of Brighton Manor, on the Hudson. But we are reduced now, and we need money; and I am not ashamed to work."

"By Jove, you're a trump!" said Maj. Appleton, starting up.

"Much obliged to you," retorted Anna, with sparkling eyes. "Would you mind holding the sash for me, just a second, while I finish this loop?"

And when Minnie came up to see how her sister was getting on, she found her aided and abetted by the Major of cavalry, who was heating the alternate pairs of fluting scissors after a most scientific fashion.

"Dear me," said Miss Appleton, when at last her brother made his appearance, "how long you have been."

"Yes," said the Major, rubbing his hands, with an appearance of great satisfaction, "it took us quite a time to finish those last thirteen flounces."

"Us! you don't mean to say that you helped the washerwoman?"

"Yes, I did," said the Major; "and the frocks are down-stairs, and I'm going up for a game of billiards." And as he went he murmured to himself, "I thought all girls were alike, but I believe I've discovered one independent one at last!"

"Grandmamma, I'm going to be married."

"You Nanny? Why, you are but a child!"

Anna Brighton was kneeling beside her grandmother's chair, and the fairy godmother was stroking her curls with one tremulous white hand, where the antique jewels shone like drops of blood and scintillating sparkles of green fire.

"So you are! How time flies! Eighteen years old! But who's the happy man? We see no society worthy of ourselves, Nanny, and—"

"I'm sure you will like him, grandmamma. He is coming to pay his respects to you to-night. His name is Major George Appleton. He is in the—"

the cavalry, and he owns a house on Madison avenue, and—and he loves me, grandmamma."

Nanny held her black-tressed head on the old lady's shoulder as she spoke the last words.

"All natural enough, my dear; but do you love him?"

"Yes, grandmamma."

"And where did you meet him? When were you introduced?"

"I wasn't introduced at all," returned Nanny, with mischievous eyes of flame coming and going in her eyes. "I was fluting muslin up in Mrs. Barker's room, when he came in on an errand; and oh! grandmamma, you have always thought it so dreadful to work. But if I hadn't been working I never should have met him. And I love him so much, grandmamma!"

"Well, well," said the old lady rather reluctantly, "things seem to be altered from what they were when I was a girl."

"But you shall live with us always, granny dear, and Minnie, too, and we shall be so happy."

And Anna Brighton's tears were tears of perfect joy.

Truth.

A deaf-mute being asked "What is truth?" answered by drawing a straight line, and writing, "That is truth."

Truth has not one single curve or angle—not one shade of falsehood. She is as white as the falling snow-flake, as pure as the dew-drop upon the virgin plant; as heart and lungs keep up this ceaseless, tireless round of receiving, purifying and re-distributing the vital fluid, brain and nerves, constituting a telegraphic system, infinitely complex and accurate, to which we can bring forward no parallel, work on and on, while the careless tenant for whom this wonderful house was planned and built, gives it scarce a thought unless reminded by the sharp voice of pain of the penalty for violated physical law.

In the hurry and rush for wealth, luxury and power, the daily struggle for food and clothing, the housekeeper's constant battle with dust and disorder, the mother's anxious care for her children, the teacher's hours of hard, trying, often vexatious work, leaving behind it that "school-room tired" which includes body, brain and spirit, we have no time to read the finer meanings, hidden under all things; no time, even, to see and recognize the thoughtful care of the Creator in the marvelous perfection of the work of His hands. It is as though a traveler through a wonderful and unexplored country, through which he could never pass but once, were to spend his time watching his carriage wheels, eating his luncheon, and trying to calculate whether or not it would last him to the end of his journey. I saw the other day in an autograph album a Latin sentence, which, by the united exertions of a school girl, teacher, housekeeper, minister, and liberal help from the Latin Reader, was translated, "For the sake of

Eyes and Seeing.

Essay read by Miss Alta Maltby before the Teacher's Association of the Third Commissioner's District, held in Pulaaki on Saturday, May 15th, and published by request of the Association.

We all turn with instinctive pity and sympathy to help and comfort the blind—those to whom fair flowers, pleasant fields, the restless waves of the great ocean, and the white radiance of the solemn, mysterious stars are only empty names—and rightly, too. But did you ever think of that other blindness, sadder far than that of the veiled eyes, that blindness of which Christ spoke when he said, "Eyes have they, but they see not?" where the veil rests not upon the physical sense, but upon the spiritual perception instead. Many a man who walks the street with an assured step, and would laugh at the idea of being pitied; many a woman, living a life of which self is the centre and circumference, live from childhood to old age, a long life, utterly

"Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed, Treading the Mayflowers with regardless feet, For them the song-sparrow, and the bobolink, Sing not, nor winds make music in the leaves. For them in vain October's holocaust Burns gold and crimson over all the hills, The sacramental mystery of the woods."

Who, in the thousands of delicate and intricate processes constantly going on before their eyes, see only the outside—the coarsest and most obvious details, or miss them wholly. A rainstorm is to them simply a rainstorm. Their finer sensibilities are blunted, and the grand sweep of the dark, heavy clouds, like armies rushing to battle, light, scudding clouds for flying artillery, sharp, swift lightning for flash of musketry, and for cannon tones, the rolling, echoing thunder, make no impression upon them. And when the storm is over, the glory of the sun has broken through, and the clouds turn their silver linings toward us, brightening and flushing in scarlet and gold, and on the dark background of the receding clouds swift fingers of light have painted the rainbow, they see not in the lovely picture a symbol of peace, coming after a fierce and bitter conflict. A large proportion of our highest and purest enjoyment comes through an intelligent appreciation of the various phenomena of nature. More of these appeal, directly and indirectly, to the eye than to any other organ, and if we only miss a truer source of real happiness. How many of us fail to notice the ever changing, but ever graceful forms of clouds and cloud shadows, the soft, exquisitely shaded tints of gray and blue that make of these two colors alone so beautiful and infinite a variety, producing pictures which the finest and most painstaking of earth's artists can never hope to imitate. We give hardly a thought to the strange, invisible, irresistible forces that, with unseen, noiseless hands are building before our very eyes countless forms, to whose delicate and complicated structure no human builder can ever approximate. How is it, that in tiny germs, seemingly so nearly alike, lurks an unexplained but undeviating individual law of growth, so that the acorn must invariably develop into an oak, the maple germ into a maple; a power, wholly distinct from size, since tiny dots of flower seeds possess the same inexplicable gift. Then that principle of "natural selection," more strange than any that Darwin ever taught, by which, growing side by side, in the same soil, the filthy tobacco searches out and absorbs its nauseating, deadly poison, and the pure, white lily its sweet, subtle fragrance. Understanding little of what is around us, we too often understand still less of ourselves, even in a physical sense, of this wonderful piece of mechanism—the house we live in that we call the body. Day after day, year after year, heart and lungs keep up this ceaseless, tireless round of receiving, purifying and re-distributing the vital fluid, brain and nerves, constituting a telegraphic system, infinitely complex and accurate, to which we can bring forward no parallel, work on and on, while the careless tenant for whom this wonderful house was planned and built, gives it scarce a thought unless reminded by the sharp voice of pain of the penalty for violated physical law.

To how many such children is the teacher with her personal neatness, her low, sweet voice, and refinement of speech and manner like a glimpse into another world. This of itself, if she realize and accept the responsibility, gives her an incalculable influence over her pupils, for often, what one is, leaves a far more enduring impression on the child-mind than what one tries to teach. There is, too, in almost all children, a love of beauty that you can use to great advantage. Make the most of this, and do not injure their feelings by tossing their little gifts of flowers and vines out of the window, as I have heard of teachers doing. Instead of this, show them how to arrange them nicely, and how to combine the different colors and forms so as to contrast pleasantly, or to harmonize with each other. Teach them, too, some of the graceful ways by which even the rudest log cabin can be made to have a tasteful, cheerful, homelike look, and so help them to make homes of their houses. The results of a little such instruction would appear in other things besides bouquets and wreaths and home decorations. I think, and we should see fewer gaudy, incongruous costumes in the holiday dress of people, in the lower and middle, possibly also in the higher ranks of society. Better and more important than this, if home and home-life were thus made more attractive, fewer children would so early forsake both and go out into the wide world so wholly unprepared to meet its dangers and temptations. Tell them a little about the air they breathe, how carefully the Creator has balanced animal and vegetable life so as to preserve its purity and fitness to sustain both forms of life. Show them how carefully all seeds are protected from harm and provided with concentrated food for the first use of the infant plant. Tell them about the habits of growth of different varieties of plants and animals, and in every possible way rouse them to observe for themselves, and encourage them to come to you with

the results, with thoughts suggested by what they see and questions about them. Show them how, when a tree is cut down, its life-forces turned from their natural work blossom out in dainty lichens and mosses, weaving themselves a living shroud for the dead body, and how these become homes of myriads of tiny insects, thus reaching up to a higher form of life, for the merest atom of an insect that breathes and moves is higher in the scale of being than even the gigantic trees of California. Once commenced, your own mind and the varying needs and peculiarities of your pupils will suggest different forms to suit different tastes and capacities. If they ask questions beyond your knowledge, and very likely they will, don't be afraid or ashamed to say you don't know, and find out for them if you can. It will often help them to feel that you too are a learner with them, only studying in an advanced class. But you are so tired do you say, and all these things will take time! True, but less than you imagine, for if one's heart is in it, many little scraps of time can be thus utilized that would otherwise be wasted. And the results, far-reaching and wide-spreading of teaching even one little child to see and recognize on every page of this wonderful book of nature, the hand of a loving father, you cannot know here,—you may know hereafter.

The United States Lake Survey.

BY A NATURALIST.

(Continued.)

THE WHITE ASH BREEZE.

We have attended a great many funerals, but we have never seen the dead return to life at the very threshold of the grave; yet in this instance, my hope arose from the grave dug for it, and though small in appearance, yet I clung to it, not as drowning men cling to straws, for such are liable to be discouraged; but rather as a man rolling a huge boulder up a hill, having in view a fixed destination, which he must reach with his burden, or it will bear him down the slanting slope into darkness and despair.

I had set down on just the right log; because as I made up my mind to depart, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I looked up to see a young man, with a face as bright as the sun, and a voice as sweet as the song of a bird, who said, "Please get up," he said, "I want to go out on that log and get some water." This must be the waiter, I thought, and perhaps if I can make friends with him I can get a chance at this government hard tack they tell about. I followed him to the camp, and he showed me around and invited me to eat dinner with himself, cook and steward, being hungry and human, I accepted. After a "square meal" I concluded that I would wait until night and see the officer again. I did so, and the result was I received a situation from Uncle Sam, with a good salary and an abundant opportunity to war with hard tack.

The camp was composed of fifteen tents, and twenty-seven men, consisting of two regular officers, two recorders or under officers, two leadsmen, four chainmen, cook, steward, waiter and boatmen. Supper was composed of beans, "souped" and baked, potatoes, bread without butter, (butter given twice a day) fresh and salt meat, pie and hard tack. Well, a few attempts at the latter, such as soaking it for an hour in my tea, pounding it with my fists, and finally stamping it with my heel, led me to conclude that "Johnny" couldn't "chaw a hard tack." Breakfast about the same, minus the beans and tea, with the addition of coffee and butter.

In the morning I was told that I could ride nearly home in the cutter, an opportunity which I gladly accepted, to see and learn what I could. The crew were at their stations in the boat. The officer walked to it with me, and formally introduced me: "Gentlemen, your future stadia man—land him at—"

I took my seat in the stern with the two officers. "Up cars," was the order; "let fall." "Give away starboard." "Stern, port." "Give away together." The boat shot rapidly out of the river's mouth on to the lake. A sail boat riding before the breeze was caught up with and left behind a pedestrian along the shore stove in vain to keep pace. A horse and buggy trotting along the beach was left with the rest in the growing distance. Truly this is a "white ash breeze."

THE THEODOLITE.

Surveying, I believe originated with the Egyptians; when, I cannot say, but that people had a peculiar way of laying off land, which, imperfect as it would be at the present day, was sufficient for them.

Progression generates progression. Time itself is progression, and the advancement of time, brings on the necessity of more requirements to meet the wants of the age, so the progress of the requirements equal the progress of years. Hence, the theorem:

Accuracy has got to be a necessity; it is the absorbing desire. This led to the deduction of the French metre as the present standard of measurement, which is now generally used in coast surveys. The metre as a basis of meas-

urement required an instrument which could be used with it in computing measurements and angles; accordingly the theodolite was constructed, and is generally used in coast surveys. (The transit is another instrument nearly on the same plan, but more generally used in laying off railroads, etc.)

With one of these instruments the distance may be read as far as you can establish two points above the curve of the earth. Astadia board is used, (a board so peculiarly marked that certain parts of it distinguished between the hairs or threads in the instrument, read a certain number of metres.) This is carried about by a man who holds it up at points required to plot or map from. The instrument is very heavy, and after lugging it on the shoulders all day, one's bones ache. It was from carrying one of these all day, that caused me to be the victim of a miserable joke, which, perhaps will illustrate camp life.

(To be continued.)

A woman named Elizabeth Taylor appeared before the Warrington bench of magistrates in England the other day, on a charge of being drunk and disorderly. She appeared in the dock in male attire, and the chief constable, in detailing some of her antecedents, stated that she was the daughter of a gentleman who formerly lived at Penketh, near Warrington. She had been married, but her husband was killed twenty-one years ago. She commenced to wear male attire thirteen years ago, was employed as a sailor during the American war, and made several trips from South Wales to the American coast, in order to supply the Alabama and blockade runners with coal. She was known by the name of Happy Ned and Navy Ned, and for some time past had worked as a laborer on several farms in the neighborhood of Warrington, having so late as the 12th ult. helped to kill thirteen pigs for a farmer at Croft House. She was fined 5s. and costs.

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—We once saw a young man gazing at the "ry heavens with 1 in 1" and a "ry heavens with 1 in 1." We endeavored to attract his attention by saying to him in a paper we held in our hand, relating 2 a young man in that of the country, who had left home in a state of mental derangement. He dropped the "1" and pistols from his hand, and said, "I am I of whom I read. I left home but my friends knew of my design. I had 10 the "1" of a girl who refused to list 10 2 me, but smiled 10 1 on another. I—ed madly from the house, uttering a wild 2 love, and without replying to the 1 of my friends, came here with this 1 & 2 of pistols, to put a 2 my existence. My case has no 1 in this 1."

While stopping over night at a farm house in Missouri a traveler was astonished to see his hostess walk up to her husband about every fifteen minutes and box his ears or give him a pull. In the morning the guest, seeing the woman alone, asked an explanation of her conduct. "Well, my dear," she said, "stranger, me and the old man has been fightin' for ten years to see who shall boss this ere ranch, and I have jest got him cowed, but if I should let up on him for a day he would turn on me again, and my work would all go for nothin'."

"Yes, sir," yelled a preacher in a Dakota church on Sunday morning, "there's more lying and swearing and stealing and general devilry to the square inch in this here town than in all the rest of the American country!" and then the congregation got up and dumped the preacher out of the window.

Facts and Fancies.

Singular—to see a garden walk.

The wandering heiress—the wind-lass.

What holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

Main has a new town called Skatchawatohickatchie.

What is that a poor man has and a rich man wants? Nothing.

"Oh, my dear wife," said John Henry, as he paid the milliner's bill.

We think it no more than right that men should seize time by the forelock, for the rude old fellow, sooner or later, pulls all their hair out.

A Cincinnati paper says that recently in that city five women spent two long hours in making a selection of one simple little straw hat.

The Saratoga chap who married a girl last summer, having fallen in love with her beautiful complexion, says now that it was a "skin game."

A fellow who was up in a police court recently, gave his occupation as that of a "conchologist," and explained by saying he opened clams at market.

Mrs. Keen, of Springfield, declined to allow her daughters to take part in a spelling match because she heard somebody say that "knotty words would be given out."

This is a net gain," said a witty Worcester girl who found a valuable hair net hanging to the fringe of her shawl upon her return home from an evening lecture.

Dear me, how fluidly he talks," said Mrs. Partridge recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostrils, for his eloquence warms every cartridge in my body."

An aristocratic New Yorker, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly; which would you prefer,

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Devoted to the Interests of the Deaf-Mutes of the State of New York.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLLE, Foreign Editor.

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MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1875

Wise and Unwise School Economy.

The author of the article with the above title in the June *Atlantic*, extracts of which we published a couple of weeks ago, is, as we said at the time, Mr. Charles W. Eliot; but we omitted to add that he is the President of Harvard College.

Sixth Biennial Convention of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association.

Programme.

This convention will be held in the city of Watertown, at Washington Hall, commencing on the 25th of August, 1875, and closing at noon on the 27th.

It will be opened on Wednesday, at 9 A. M., with prayer by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D. D., Rector of St. Ann's Church, New York. An address by the Hon. Bradley Winslow, Mayor of Watertown, will follow. Then comes the President's biennial address, and the reports of the Treasurer and Secretary.

Next will be the oration, which will be delivered by Mr. Fort Lewis Seliney, of Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y., or by his substitute, Mr. Samuel T. Greene, of the Ontario Institution, Belleville, Canada. Impromptu addresses by other gentlemen may be expected, completing the afternoon session.

On re-assembling at 2 P. M., Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will deliver a lecture, his subject being "Marriage." Amendments to the constitution of the society will then be in order. The session will close with resolutions and miscellaneous remarks.

It is expected that Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, the Rev. Thomas B. Berry, Rector of Trinity Church, Granville, N. Y., and the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret the proceedings for the benefit of the hearing portion of the audience.

RELIGIOUS SERVICE.

In the evening, at 7:30 o'clock, the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, assisted by the Rector of Trinity Church, will hold a service for deaf-mutes, in that church.

THURSDAY.

In the morning, at 7:40 o'clock, an excursion will start for and spend the day among the Thousand Islands. Tickets from Watertown to Alexandria Bay and return, \$2.10, (dinner on board, 50 cents extra.) An arrangement has been made by which 30 cents will go to the treasury of the Association for every ticket sold.

In the evening, at 8 o'clock, a grand reception and re-union will be given to the members of the Association at the spacious residence of Mrs. Howell Cooper.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Re-assemble at 9 A. M. After prayer, the election of officers for the two ensuing years will take place. After transacting such other business as may come before the association, and the delivery of the closing remarks by the President and others, the convention will adjourn sine die.

HOTEL AND RAILROAD FARES.

Arrangements have been made with the two following hotels at reduced rates, both of which can accommodate all in attendance; two persons must occupy one bed:
Woodruff House, \$2.00 per day.
American Hotel, 1.50 "

The Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg and Lake Ontario Shore railroads will furnish excursion tickets at reduced rates. These tickets, all proposing to attend the convention, must procure on these roads, at the respective stations from which they start, and will hold good for their return. The Syracuse Northern, Utica & Black River and other railroads remain

to be heard from, and of the fares on these, notice will be given before the convention meets.

The managers of the Empire State Association, take pleasure in inviting all, who can, to be in attendance, and participate in the proceedings, assuring them that no pains will be spared, on their part, to render the occasion one of general enjoyment and profit.

H. C. RIDER,
President.

H. A. RUMHILL,
Secretary.

A Professor Confounded.

A French savant, a member of the Academy, wished to ascertain the progress of the teaching of languages at one of the English universities. Having some friends among the professors, he announced to them his visit and the object of it. His English friends determined to give the academical high idea of these studies, and for this purpose resorted to rather extraordinary means. They chose twenty of the students best acquainted with Greek, Sanscrit, French, Spanish, and so on, and ordered them to dress as peasants and go out on the road at some distance from the university to meet the stranger. He was proceeding quietly along, reflecting upon the high importance of the study of the languages, and the pleasure that he had experienced since he was upon English soil of speaking with the inhabitants as if he were a native.

All at once a peasant, apparently, approached him, and asked him in Latin if he could render him any service; soon another accosted him in German; then a third and a fourth, and finally a whole troop of peasants addressed him in all the languages of the world. The academical was overwhelmed with astonishment, and arrived at the university full of admiration at this phenomenon. "Messieurs," said he to the English professors, "I have no further need to examine your teaching, you are unquestionably the first masters in the world; your learning has spread through all the surrounding places, and your peasants even know more of the languages than our students at Paris."

He desired to know, however, if the sign language was taught with success at the university, and accordingly they promised to present him the best of their pupils of this class. For this purpose they gave instruction to a servant of the house, who had but one eye and was a little stupid, that a French gentleman was expected there, and as he was very deaf, he must speak with him only by signs. The interview takes place. On seeing the man, the savant holds up one finger, the other quickly holds up two, the savant presents three, and the domestic replied by putting his fist vigorously before the eyes of the learned academical. The latter was amazed and went before the professors, exclaiming: "Admirable! admirable! we understood each other perfectly. I said to him, there son, I answered three, Father, son, and Spirit; and he promptly showed me his fist, as if to say the three make one God."

The delight of the savant was complete, and he went away to make his report to his colleagues at Paris, of the wonders accomplished by the teaching at Oxford. Meanwhile the domestic arrives, in his turn, red with rage. "Oh, that miserable Frenchman," cries he; "he came here to insult me. He told me by his gestures that I had but one eye. I replied that I had two. He persisted in maintaining that we had but three between us. But it was well for him that he left, for I showed him the fist of an Englishman."

—Translated from "Cruiseries avec mes Elèves," by L. Sauveterre.

AN UNFORTUNATE DEAF-MUTE STRANGER appeared in Binghamton, N. Y., the other day, and while in front of a drug store, fell down in a fit. It was a hard attack and required the united strength of four strong men to hold him. When he recovered he declined to give his name, but said he was from Chicago, on his way to Utica to visit a brother in the insane asylum there, which statement, from papers on his person, was found to be true. He was taken to the poor house, and doubtless proceeded on his way next day.

The Syracuse Northern Railroad.

The decision of the referees (Hon. Albertus Perry) in the suit for the foreclosure of the second mortgage bonds of the Syracuse Northern Railroad was published in the Syracuse Standard of the 5th inst. The suit, as most of our readers are aware, was brought by the president of the Rome and Watertown railroad, and defended by the Trust and Deposit Company of Onondaga, as trustees of the bondholders, and during the progress of the case, the city of Syracuse and several towns of Onondaga and Oswego counties were made parties to the suit. The decision of the referees in brief is in favor of the validity of the second mortgage bonds, and also of the legality of the transfer of the bonds to the president of the Rome and Watertown railroad. The Standard says: This, as we understand it, virtually covers all the points in dispute, and decides the case adversely to the stockholders. Judging from the small amount of interest exhibited at the recent meeting of the stockholders in this city, the decision of the referees will probably be accepted as final. At least we believe the general sentiment of our citizens, (while they regret the loss of stock to our city) is against incurring additional liabilities in the vain effort to save something that is lost beyond all hope of redemption.

—Fine, refreshing showers Saturday afternoon and Monday morning.

Minor Topics.

The wheat crop in Tennessee is estimated to be the largest since 1860.

Greece sends word that really she must decline to take part in the Philadelphia centennial.

It is estimated that at least 1,000 sheep and lambs have been killed in northwestern Wisconsin this season by wolves.

One hundred and twenty Englishmen will go to Kansas on a buffalo hunt next month. Buffalo Bill will have them in his charge.

The people of New Bedford, Mass., are fitting out a large whaling expedition, numbering 111 vessels, for a regular old-fashioned whaling cruise.

The proprietor of the Paris *Figaro*, bankrupt in 1835 and in 1844, has just ordered his debts with interest to all the creditors he can find, and is advertising for the others.

The Boston Gas Company has sunk an artesian well 1,750 feet, and the water raised from it is bitter and saline, and holds in solution a large proportion of chloride of calcium.

A game of chess between a player of Pforzheim, in Baden, and another in New York, begun in 1858, has just ended after sixteen years playing, the New Yorker winning. The moves were conducted by letter.

A civil rights case has occurred in Brooklyn. Rev. W. Johnson, colored, has instituted proceedings in the supreme court against the principal of grammar school No. 35 for refusing admission to his son.

New Orleans has a bonded and certified debt of \$22,551,425, and other debts of \$1,469,227—a total debt of \$24,020,652. Her assets foot up \$14,688,600. The yearly budget exhibits a deficiency of about half a million dollars.

This year the southern counties of California sent to San Francisco 5,380,000 oranges, 620,000 lemons, and 80,000 limes. The consumption of California is about 10,000,000 oranges a year, and 5,000,000 are brought from Mexico and the Pacific Isles.

At a recent banquet of horse, mule, and ass flesh in Paris, it was announced that an honorary medal would be given to any one willing to make the attempt to set up a horse-butcher's stall in London, together with £20 to be distributed to the poor of the district. The opinion was expressed, however, that such an attempt would have no chance of success.

The old engine house at Harper's Ferry, in which John Brown and his party were stormed and captured, is used by an undertaker as a hearse house. The loop holes which the insurrectionists made have been bricked up, but the outlines can be readily traced. The places on the floor where one of Brown's sons died and the other was mortally wounded, are pointed out by the villagers, although the blood stains that remained for several years have faded out.

A cremation company is about to be established in Zurich, Switzerland. The shares are to be twenty francs each, and the undertaking starts with the support of 560 of the inhabitants. A piece of land in a cemetery has been given to the company, and upon this it proposes to erect a furnace, a mortuary, a chapel, a room for urns, &c. It is estimated that the cost will be 50,000 francs. The statutes of the company have been drawn up and submitted to the Government for authoritative sanction before operations can be commenced.

A remarkable verdict was returned at the Cheshire Quarter Sessions at Knutsford, in England, the other day. Two men, who were accused of destroying fish by putting chloride of lime into a stream at Woodford, were, after a long deliberation by the jury, found not guilty of the offence with which they were charged, but were, with solemn formality, pronounced guilty of "fishing," with which they were not charged. The Chairman, Sir Henry Mainwaring, characterized the verdict as the silliest he had ever heard in his life. The men were of course discharged.

—One of our Mexico young men claims he saved \$17 during one vacation, by walking instead of trotting his horse over the bridge near Toronto Mills.

Base Ball.

An exciting game of base ball was played on the Fair Grounds on Wednesday of last week. A nine of the picked men from the Nationals and Amateur Clippers of Oswego played against the Resolute club of this village. The Nationals are a crack professional club, and they are to start soon on a professional tour through the State. This being their first game of the season, their playing was only the usual credit to their club. They are noted for their hard bats and sure catches. McSweeney received a ball in the stomach direct from a Resolute bat, but succeeded in putting his man out. The field playing of Lally and Glynn was creditable. Rosseau played well on 3d base. The Mexico nine (Resolutes) were embarrassed by being amateurs and having to play against professional players. They expected to play against the Amateur Clippers, but when they came on to the field to play they found four or five Nationals among the Clippers; but they went to bat as "Resolutes," and played well. Didier and Myers made several excellent fly catches. Barker seemed to freeze to every ball that came in reach. Ballard made an excellent running fly catch, and Sayles was a sure man on the 1st base that was excelled by none. On the 4th and 8th innings the Resolutes made several wild base throws, which allowed the Nationals to score up fearfully. But by dint of hard playing the Resolutes succeeded in putting two blunders on the Nationals.

The Oswego boys were perfect gentlemen, and such was their deportment during their brief sojourn here. They were entertained by the Resolutes, after the game, till their departure for home. The following is the score:

NATIONALS & CLIPPERS.		RESOLUTES.	
Fitzgerald,	C.	Barker,	C.
McSweeney,	P.	McKay,	P.
Hutchinson,	1B	McKay,	1B
Phillips,	2B	Sayles,	2B
Doolittle,	3B	Ballard,	3B
Rosseau,	SS	Ballard,	SS
Andelfinger,	CF	Rider,	CF
Lally,	LF	Myers,	LF
Glynn,	RF	Didier,	RF

Scorers—Manning for the Nationals; Alton for Resolutes.

Umpire—Croskey, of Oswego.

Time of game 2 hours.

The Universalist Fair and Festival.

On Wednesday afternoon and evening of last week the elegant new residence of Mr. Phineas Davis was opened for a fair and festival for the Universalist church, of which he is a leading member. In the evening the house was brilliantly lighted, presenting a fine appearance from the street, while within—admirably arranged as it is for the gathering of that kind—it could scarcely have been made more pleasant. On the second floor the whole front was thrown into one room; an apartment below was decorated with evergreens, and small trees were filled with birds of various kinds, some of them rare, and all specimens of taxidermy executed by Mr. George Davis. In the center of the room were tables loaded with articles for sale, around which people continually gathered. The dining room, and it is perhaps superfluous to say that they were of excellent quality and temptingly arranged. There were substantial for whoever desired them, and delicious ice cream, pine apples, oranges, &c., &c., for those who had only the palate to satisfy. Everything seemed complete, and if any failed to enjoy the occasion, it was not the fault of those who had the festival in charge. No effort seems too great for Mr. Davis and his family to put forth for their church, and to them the society is very largely indebted for its prosperity.

PERSONAL.—The twenty-first Clark Prize Exhibition (Hamilton College) was held in the Stone church, Clinton, on Wednesday evening last. Among the speakers was S. W. Eddy, of this town. His subject was "The Transportation Problem." The *Utica Herald*, in its report of the Exhibition, says: "Mr. Eddy tackled, as yet, an unsolved problem. His argument was a free trade and anti-monopoly one. It was a plain matter-of-fact argument. The speaker had evidently mastered his theory, and believed in it. His oration was characterized by no flowers of rhetoric, but, what was better, by a great deal of original satire and sober common sense. It was delivered with no flourishes of elocution, but, earnestly, forcibly and understandingly."

In another part of the report the *Herald* says: "Mr. Eddy was noticeable for an original delivery, of a conversational nature, which contrasted pleasantly with the drilled periods of his competitors."

At the annual meeting of the Board of Directors of the Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company of this place held last Friday, the members were well pleased with the exhibit and prospects of the Company, and although it is generally admitted that the present rates of insurance are too low for profit yet, this company believes that a successful business can and will be built up by careful and discreet management. Mr. H. M. Bard of Mexico, is employed by the company, and is now traveling for the company.—*Sandy Creek News*.

Among the laws passed by the Legislature is one providing for the election of a Board of Town Auditors, to consist of three persons, who shall audit accounts against the town. Their pay is three dollars per day. Accounts have heretofore been audited by the supervisor, justice of the peace and town clerk. These officers are to be elected next spring.

Letter from Iowa.

FRIEND HUMPHRIES:—I have just returned from the Cedar, where the Christian Elder baptized nine converts. A few years ago I could start east, west, north or south, and travel day after day almost without passing a cabin, and now, at this place, we have three churches and get four mails a day, and the country is settled as thickly as Oswego county.

It is a very pleasant spring; our crops are all in, and corn and wheat never looked better than now; yet it is not much encouragement for the wheat-growing farmer, the price is so small. Last year's crop in this region is mostly a vast amount of wheat coming night and day from the north and west for the Chicago market.

It is a splendid country here in the Cedar Valley; no grasshoppers, no copperheads.

Yours truly, A. BUTTERFIELD.

Raymond, Iowa, May 30, 1875.

Paying Our Debts.

We have not ceased to hear and to feel the effects of the monetary difficulties which reached a crisis a year or two ago, or rather, we might say, that men have not regained their confidence in each other, for this is at the bottom of the whole trouble.

We are perfectly aware that some have been and are so deeply involved, that they cannot recover themselves, except by that legal protection, the Bankrupt Act.

With many, however, it is not so. They are altogether able to pay their debts, if they would withdraw something from mere speculation.

With a Christian man, his sense of justice should be sufficient to induce him to pay every debt, knowing that he is inflicting a wrong and an injury on another, contrary to that law of love, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and "as ye would that men should do to you, even so do to them," if he had not the special command, "Owe no man anything."

Attention to this Christian duty, would alleviate much suffering, as one and another would be enabled by quick transmission, to fulfill his own obligations. Among the small debts which many owe, are those which are due for newspapers and periodicals. There are people who can pray and use the responses in the service, "Lord have mercy upon us" and "incline our hearts to keep this law," who are perfectly indifferent about their small debts—they eat and drink and some can sleep while they are in debt.

How can these things be? How can a man go to his rest, asking for a conscience "void of offence toward God and toward men," who lives in this habitual injury to another?

If this, however, is to be deplored—still worse is the case of one who will take a newspaper for years, and then quietly move off, giving no account of himself. Surely this man is less than the rest of all his fellows.—*Episcopal Register*.

Hamilton College.

The following list of honors and honorees was announced to the class of 1875, Thursday:

Valedictory, Wm. S. Potter; salutatory, W. K. Spencer, rhetorical orator, Ennes McLean; political orator, Wm. H. DeWitt; historical orator, S. H. Peck; classical orator, F. S. Childs; literary orator, H. D. Gardner; ethical orator, C. H. Gaston; philosophical orator, E. B. Cobb; legal orator, S. W. Eddy.

The above list embraces all the members of Phi Beta Kappa from this class, the usual "high honors" being omitted. The standing of the first three men is respectively 9.45, 9.43, 9.42; the maximum being 10.

This standing certainly indicates a remarkable degree of scholarship, and reflects great credit upon the class. The average standing is about 8.31.

At the same time the following seniors were appointed by the faculty as competitors for the appointment to the next inter-collegiate contest:

Essays—F. S. Childs, W. H. DeWitt, S. W. Eddy, J. A. Hyland, C. K. Seward, W. K. Spencer.

Classical—W. S. Potter, H. D. Gardner.

Mathematical—E. B. Cobb, S. H. Peck.

Village Improvements.

Messrs. J. A. Rickard, E. Williams, O. Whitney, C. F. Brooks, D. Nichols, Mrs. Shumway, and others, have "mended their ways," and we would say to all others, whose walks are snared and pitfalls to the unwary traveler, "go thou and do likewise."

Mr. C. B. Chapman has been enlarging and repairing his house, corner of South Jefferson and Spring Sts.

B. S. Stone is greatly improving his house by putting up a portico, piazza, &c.

Geo. W. Baker has added a bay window to his residence, corner of Mill and Main Sts., which gives it a more cheerful appearance.

C. B. Chapman & Son has a new sign, Homer Ames also has a large one on his mill.

A substantial railing has been built close to the side walk, from the barns of the Barrett House to the house of Mrs. Philo Carpenter—a much needed improvement.

J. U. Manwarren, Charles Webb and B. Holmes have been building fences around their respective residences.

Jesse Halliday, Martin Scott and Wesley Smith have erecting barns upon their premises.

COLOSSE.

"Hurrah boys!" the Colosse Cheese Factory has something brand new, Fraser's Patent Gang Press. This presses ten cheeses at a time, and the boys under Capt. Baker say it works finely. This factory is now turning out 24 cheeses per day, or about one thousand seven hundred pounds. The present increasing patronage looks demanding toward enlargement of facilities for cheese-making.

A leisure walk about what was once the "old Quaker Mills" carried our mind back to years ago, when we were a boy, and Quaker Wells, an active business man, in the full prime of life, and full of moral integrity. To-day we stopped by the roadside on a little hill about forty rods north-west of his old residence, and looking with not a little interest, upon the grave of that old pioneer. Upon the marble at his head was inscribed:

"Alfred Wells,
A native of Worcester, Mass.,
England,
Died Dec. 10, 1847.
Aged 65 years.

Kind Friends Mind the power of God,
The light of Christ in your souls. This is
That, that redeems man from sin, and
Makes him acceptable to God. Therefore
Give all for this pearl of great price.

A. W.

As we stood in profound meditation, we could almost hear the almost forgotten soldier say, in his living pathos, "Seek the light of Christ in your souls." Mary, his wife, who died in the year 1850, aged 51, and their daughter Freme, aged 3 years and 7 months, are by his side. The old saw mill is entirely demolished, and the old grist mill is a fast decaying wreck. This and the remaining rubbish of the saw mill are to be removed, which, doubtless will give credit to the community, and to the owners of the property, but we could but wish some relic of the old grist mill might remain a monument of an honest man, and an honest grist.

E. D. PHILLIPS.
Colosse, N. Y., June 1st, 1875.

Annual Meeting of Eclectic Society.

The annual meeting of the Oswego County Eclectic Medical Society convened at the Empire House in Mexico, Tuesday, June 1st. The President, Jesse Watson, M. D., in the Chair. After calling the roll, the reports from the Secretary, Treasurer and Standing Committees were read and approved.

The name of C. S. Marsh was proposed for membership by A. C. Taylor, M. D., and E. J. Marsh, M. D., and being favorably reported upon by the censors, he was duly elected a member.

Dr. Watson then delivered the annual address, which was replete with good counsel and encouragement.

The Chair appointed the following gentlemen as committee on nominations: D. E. Lake, M. D., C. E. Heaton, M. D., and A. C. Taylor, M. D.

After some discussion, several amendments to the constitution were made.

The hour for dinner having arrived, the convention adjourned to 1½ p. m.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Society met pursuant to adjournment, rejoicing in the belief that the intermission had been profitable to the inner man if not to mine host of the Empire House.

The committee on nomination of officers reported as follows:

President, J. N. Betts, Pulaski; Vice President, A. C. Taylor, Scriba; Secretary, E. J. Marsh, Southwest Oswego; Treasurer, Jessie Watson, Fulton; Censors, J. B. Chapman, South Richland; D. E. Lake, Fulton; C. E. Heaton, Mexico; Delegates to the New York State Eclectic Medical Society, E. J. Marsh, A. C. Taylor, D. E. Lake and O. C. Knight; Delegates to the Central New York Eclectic Medical Society, J. W. Manwarren, J. Watson, D. E. Lake and C. S. Marsh.

On motion, it was resolved that the semi-annual meeting be held at the Hamilton House, Oswego, of papers, a general discussion was had upon the utility of "transfusion of blood" and its adaptability to certain anemic conditions.

Several important surgical operations were reported, which elicited a warm discussion as to the best appliances for surgical dressings.

After some miscellaneous business, the election of officers was had, and a vote of thanks tendered the retiring president for the very able manner in which he had conducted the business of the society and the untiring energy he had manifested in its welfare.

Dr. Betts was then escorted to the chair and addressed the society in appropriate and feeling terms.

On motion, the convention adjourned to meet in Oswego Dec. 7.

E. J. MARSH, M. D., Sec'y.

Our old friend, William A. Cheever.

of Texas, one day last week, caught with pole and line, a pickerel at the mouth of Salmon creek, which measured 3 feet 2½ inches, and weighed 11 pounds 2 ounces. With his usual forethought he remembered us, and we wish him even better success next time.

MEXICO MARKETS.

RETAIL PRICES OF GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED:
Flour, (retail) \$6.25; red \$6.75, white \$7.00
Meal, ½ cwt, (retail) 1.50
Shrimp, ½ ton, 1.50
Hides, ½ ton, 3.50
Middlings, ½ ton, 3.50
Corn, ½ ton, 90
Oats, ½ ton, 90

PRICES PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE:

Butter, 20 @ 24
Loose Butter, 20 @ 22
Cheese, 10 @ 11
Lard, 15
Eggs, ½ doz, 16
Beef, ½ lb, 05 @ 15
Beef, ½ cwt, 85 @ 25
Pork, ½ cwt, 85 @ 25
Mutton, ½ barrel, retail, 82
Pork, ½ cwt, 80
Apples, (dried), ½ lb, 05 @ 06
Ham, ½ lb, 13
Dressed Poultry, ½ lb, 10 @ 12
Potatoes, ½ bush, 25 @ 30

A Celebrated Village Father's Experience.

Who had been told that young men were more sprightly than older ones.

The following incident actually occurred not many miles from this town. One of the village fathers who is now on the down hill road of life, but who is as full of life as ever, and who in his younger days was noted for his expertness in the sports of the day, was one day repairing his fence about a piece of land he owned in the outskirts of the village. After finishing the fence to his mind, the weather being fine, and feeling unusually strong in mind and body, he thus soliloquized: "Now then this notion that men of my age cannot do anything that young men can—have lost all their elasticity and sprightliness, I don't believe in; I believe it's all a hoax any way. Now then, I have seen the time when I could jump over such a fence as this, and not half try, and if I do say it myself, there were not many young men of my time that could clear as high a fence as I, or that could catch the ball before the club equal to me." Thus soliloquizing he carefully looked in all directions to see if any one was in sight, and to his delight the coast was clear—no one could see him; then dropping his ax and stepping back a few paces from the fence so as to get under good headway he started off at railroad speed, but the next thing he recollected he was trying to pick himself up off the ground upon the opposite side of the fence, his face bloody, nose bleeding, his legs feeling as if broken in a dozen places, and his body as if he had passed through a crushing machine, one of his pants legs nearly torn off, coat sleeve in shreds, and all covered with dirt. He finally regained his feet and carefully looked about him, which caused his breath to come freer, and then proceeded to an adjoining stream, washed himself, arranged his clothes, took his ax on his shoulder, and returned home a contented if not exactly a happy man.

Troy Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Mr. Southwick, President of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club delivered a lecture before the club on the 22d ult.; subject: Ambition. It had been well and carefully prepared. He gave many striking instances of ambition, both in ancient and modern times, and said finally that mutes should possess this trait in good measure in all their undertakings. Without it they would be pitied, looked upon as "poor unfortunates," and by some considered as fit only for the almshouse. The mutes really should perform their work unusually well, as they have advantage of being able to give undivided attention, at least attention that cannot be distracted by foreign sounds.

On the 5th prox., the question for debate will be, "Is life in the city preferable to that in the country?" Messrs. Smith and Witbeck take the affirmative side, and Messrs. McLaughlin and Southwick, the negative.

Mr. Collins, father of the vice president, extended an invitation to all the mutes of Troy and vicinity to help him celebrate the birthday of his son, Will, who was in perfect ignorance of the plan. When the eventful evening came, one and all reached the house in spite of a pouring rain. Mr. C. had contrived that Will should not be at home when we arrived. Before his return his brothers showed us, with much pride, specimens of his cabinet-making—bedsteads, sets of furniture, desks, picture frames, etc. They were so well made that one of the younger visitors declared that Will should make the furniture for his house when he grew to be a man.

We soon made ourselves at home and were enjoying a game when Will was ushered in without a moment's warning, and we surrounded him, overwhelming him with congratulations. Will had been taking a long ride in the rain, and he stood there in his dripping clothes motionless with amazement. When he finally realized the situation, he gave us a pleasant greeting, and after a few moments' preparation, joined in our merry games, which we kept up till midnight. A fine collation was served, to which ample justice was done, and when we re-entered the parlors, adorned with the pretty paper caps formed in our bonbons, it seemed as if we had passed under a magician's rod since we left them.

We danced to our heart's content; but at last this evening like all other evenings came to an end. We went home in the style known as a "straw ride." The rain had ceased, and the moon was peeping out shyly from behind the clouds. What a merry ride we had! The streets were quite deserted; here and there a policeman stared at us as if he would like to arrest us either for being out so late or for disturbing the sacred stillness of the wee sma' hours.

Many thanks, Mr. Collins and family, for your kindness in giving us so pleasant an evening. It shall not soon pass from our memory. Among the favored guests were Mr. Southwick, of Albany; Mrs. Gould and her daughter Annie, Messrs. Clapp, Schutt and Maxwell, Messrs. C. A. Smith, J. Witbeck, J. Ritter, H. Brown, J. Saxton, Messrs. Ives and Hunter, besides many others.

M. M.—s.

Troy, June 3, 1875.

New York Institution Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since my last letter we have enjoyed the most delightful spring weather and the days with few exceptions have been bright and pleasant and the nights cool and clear, and the moon shines brightly through, not bare leafless trees, but trees that have already put on their robes of green, and we enjoy the most lovely sunrises and sunsets, that have always made the noble Hudson so dear to all lovers of beauty. The grass is quite long now and looks very fresh, while the fruit trees are all in bloom and the woods are full of birds and flowers. Even butterflies have made their appearance, and the other day a beautiful humming bird flew in the window of one of the upper rooms and was caught in a glass, and after being shown all around to the wonder and curiosity of those present, it began to show signs of dying, and we all felt so sorry for the beautiful but fragile little creature that some one opened the window, but still it showed no signs of life. At last it was placed on the grass, and after remaining perfectly still for a while, it suddenly lifted its little wings and flew away to the top branches of a high tree so that we could scarcely see it. It looked so glad and free that it seemed a wonder that any one could kill such a pretty creature merely for an ornament that fashion fancies, when flowers are more beautiful and do not cost the life of any of God's creatures. Few who have admired the beauty of the humming bird when dead and used as an ornament in the parlor or on a lady's hat, have any idea how much more beautiful it is when alive, with every feather seemingly quivering with life and motion till it looks like a living flame of many colors, all changing and each color seeming to run into the others, and yet they all show separate and distinct. This one had a breast of silver and pearl color, with green and gold on its wings, and its head seemed to be blue, green, purple and gold, all changing so that you could scarcely tell what color it was, and round its neck was a collar, which one moment would be deep crimson and the next scarlet and gold like a flame of fire.

A.

Tuesday, May 18, was the fifty-seventh anniversary of this institution. After the election of the officers, of which the JOURNAL of last week contained a report, they and a number of visitors proceeded to the chapel, where an opening address was made by Dr. Isaac L. Peet, the Principal. After which the exhibition began. It consisted of various exercises, showing the attainments of the pupils, among

which were those of a class of new pupils (taught by Mr. Condon), whose good penmanship and correct answers to the easy questions given, excited the wonder and admiration of all. A little boy in Mr. Van Tassel's class, wrote the Lord's prayer from memory and then recited it in signs very nicely. Another little boy gave several illustrations of picture signs, in which he described different kinds of birds and animals with their various peculiarities, doing it so well that it was quite interesting and amusing. The improvement was shown of other pupils, taught by Bell's system of visible speech, which is now being tried at this institution. Miss Carrie Handy, a pupil of Mr. Bell's gives lessons, and lectures twice a week, so that the pupils have the benefit of both Bell's system and the German method. After both have been tried an equal length of time and on equally bright and dull pupils, then the question can be settled as to which is the best. At present it is hard to tell because opinions differ, and signs have not yet lost their attractions.

Miss Flora Jones and Willie Jackson gave an interesting dialogue in signs that were so graceful and vivid that one could not help but see that the language of signs when well cultivated, is capable of expressing all the thoughts and feelings of the human heart, quite as well as spoken language, and being the natural language of the mute, he always uses it more or less, even after having been taught to speak. Just the same as a hearing person after having become skilled in the language of signs, will use his voice whenever he meets a person who hears and speaks, even if that person understands signs. But there often are occasions when they both find signs useful, as when silence is desirable and yet expression of thoughts or wishes necessary as in case of sickness, or when by reason of great noise and excitement the voice cannot be heard. But while skill in the use of signs is considered an accomplishment not to be despised, the object seems to be to dispense with signs as much as possible, especially with the younger classes in the school-room so that all are taught to ask and answer questions by writing as soon as they enter the institution, by having actions performed before them and objects placed before them and named and then they learn the meaning by seeing the same actions and questions connected together repeatedly. Just as a hearing child learns to speak words by hearing them constantly repeated. This seems an improvement on the old system, showing that the principal, Dr. Peet, is a man of much experience, extensive views and far from being narrow-minded, but willing to try every good means of improving the classes under his care, and giving each and every system a fair trial, so that the best friend of the pupils have no cause to complain that he has not done all he could to improve the condition of the deaf-mute. Being naturally a graceful sign-maker, he has done more to improve and enrich the language of signs than any other teacher in the country that we know of. We hope that he will never allow the opinions of others, however well educated they may otherwise be, to persuade him to give up signs in teaching the deaf and dumb. For while it is a pleasant thing for the parents and friends of deaf-mute children to have them taught to speak, it is far more pleasant to know that they understand what they have been taught; besides this, it often happens that it is quite impossible for the child ever to learn how to speak even the simplest words, because the same sickness or accident that caused the deafness also injured some of the organs of speech and often dulls the faculties of the mind. So that it seems a great waste to devote the time and labor that should be devoted to teaching the child how to read and write (the first step in learning anything) merely in learning to pronounce a few words that to the child, seem nonsense; for after having learned and spoken them to all his friends, who soon get tired of hearing them so imperfectly spoken, he finds that the few words he has mastered will not express the ideas he wishes. So the friends instead of trying to teach him more, get discouraged, comfort themselves with the reflection that he cannot learn, and so give up all efforts to teach him. While if he had been taught to think for himself and pay attention to things he could see and understand by means of signs which are his natural language, he might be a better educated and a happier being. I do not mean that he should be taught by signs alone, but they should be used to explain what cannot be explained by writing alone, and then taught to express the same idea in writing. Just as the late Dr. H. P. Peet used to do, and after having learned to express his ideas by means of writing and the manual alphabet, then he should try to use signs as little as possible, so that he may be able to make himself understood by those who do not understand signs. While I think teaching semi-mutes articulation by the German method or by Mr. Bell's system, is a very useful and important branch of their education, I do not think that any one who has mastered the sign language would, if they used their judgment, think of discarding signs altogether for deaf-mutes; for nearly, if not all who are so strongly opposed to using signs in teaching deaf-mutes, are not masters of the sign language, and seem to think that they will not or cannot devote any time to the learning of signs, that no one else ought to do it. The truth of this is proved by the well known fact that as a rule deaf-mutes and semi-mutes make the best teachers of young mutes, because they have been over the same ground themselves, and understand how to overcome the difficulties better than one who has never realized them in his own experience.

On Decoration Day the school hours were from nine to twelve in the forenoon and from one to four in the afternoon. After dinner the High Class visited the Carmansville cemetery, where they were

decorating the graves of the soldiers killed in the late war. This year no distinction was made between the dead of the North and of the South. All will rejoice at this, for they are all covered with the same mother earth, and the same Father above watches over the souls of all alike and both sides have left loving hearts to mourn their loss, and each needs the other's sympathy, and will feel better for having done what they could to heal the wounds made in the hearts of each. Long may the same dear flag wave over a once more united and happy country!

Dr. Palmer, Principal of the Belleville Institution, was here on a visit May 31. On June 2d, Mrs. Porter, the amiable wife of Dr. Porter, Superintendent of the institution, invited the members of the High Class to an entertainment in her parlors, at which ice cream, cake, etc., were served, after which she presented them with two beautiful flags for their boat. On one was the name of the boat—Evangeline—and the other was the American flag.

B.

Refutation.

SUPERINTENDENT THOMAS MACINTIRE, OF THE INDIANA INSTITUTION FILES HIS ANSWER.

He Asserts His Entire Innocence of the Charges Preferred against Him and Charges His Persecutors with Being Conspirators, Forgers, Perjurers and Suborners of Perjury.

(From the Indianapolis Journal, May 28, 1875.)

On arriving home from the East on Thursday morning, Dr. P. H. Jameson telegraphed to the non-resident trustees of the Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, calling a meeting for yesterday afternoon. The persons directly interested in the charges preferred against Thomas MacIntire by John E. Fawcner, together with the attorneys were notified of the meeting and their presence requested at the Governor's office at the time designated. At the hour named the board convened there and organized with Dr. Jameson president, and Dr. Brown, of Richmond, secretary. The Governor was present as advisory member. Quite a number of spectators were present and remained through the session, watching the proceedings with a good deal of interest. Messrs. MacIntire and Valentine were there in person and were legally represented by Gen. Ben. Harrison, Hon. A. G. Porter and W. P. Fishback. John E. Fawcner was early in the field with his professional advisors, Messrs. Byfield, Dye and Howe.

BEGINNING BUSINESS.

On calling the board to order, Dr. Jameson stated the object of the meeting of the board, and then said: "The charges preferred against Mr. MacIntire and Mr. Valentine I have not seen, but understand they are in the possession of one of our members. I will say, by way of explanation, that I was not cognizant of the existence of these charges until I saw them in the New York papers while I was absent from home. We desire to arrive at the truth, and are willing to give the charges an efficient and thorough investigation. It will now be in order for Mr. Fawcner to present the charges he has to make to this board."

Mr. Dye, one of the attorneys for Mr. Fawcner, said that "on the 16th day of May five different charges were made which were but into the hands of Dr. Jameson, in the absence of Dr. Jameson from the city. In those charges it was requested that the board should call a meeting for the purpose of investigating them. The charges were accompanied with certain affidavits and statements. If they are false, it is due to Mr. MacIntire that a thorough investigation should be made, and such an investigation will reveal that fact. And if they are true, it is due to the public that this investigation be made; which will reveal that fact also. Last evening, at 7:30 o'clock, notice was served upon Mr. Fawcner's counsel that the board would meet at 2 o'clock this afternoon. Some of the witnesses whose evidence is material in this case live at a great distance from here, and it has not been possible since the recent hour of notification to have these witnesses present. There are other witnesses in the institution who can be produced to testify as to material facts which bear on the charges to be investigated, and we are ready to proceed when these witnesses are produced here."

Mr. Fishback, for Mr. MacIntire, asked that the charges be produced. They of course would not try the case without an issue. They expected to investigate the case upon the charges whenever they were filed with the board, and their answer for the present would be to those charges, which he would now proceed to read.

WHO HAD THE CHARGES.

Dr. Jameson, member of the board from Muncie thereupon produced the charges out of his little satchel. Some one present asked if they were the same as had appeared in the public prints, to which Mr. Dye replied that they had been correctly published. Dr. Jameson stated that he supposed every one was familiar with them, and that therefore it was not necessary to have them read. Mr. Brown, a member of the board, said that he had not yet seen the charges, and on his suggestion they were read by Dr. Jameson. As they have already been published, it is deemed proper not to insert them in this report.

Mr. Fishback, as soon as Dr. Jameson had ceased speaking, arose and, facing the board, read Mr. MacIntire's answer, as follows:

THE ANSWER.

To the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Institution for Educating the Deaf and Dumb:

The Indianapolis Sentinel has given publicity to certain infamous charges made against me as superintendent of the institution, the government of which is under your direction. The first in-

timations that I had of these accusations was the discovery of them in the columns of the paper above mentioned. The charges were addressed to you, and I expected to find them in your custody; but upon inquiry I learned from a member of your board they were in the keeping of P. A. B. Kennedy, who claims to be the attorney of John E. Fawcner, my public accuser. But I waive all questions as to the irregular methods by which these accusations have come before you. The interests involved, both public and private, are too great to admit of anything else than a prompt searching, complete and public investigation. This I demand at your hands. I desire to confront my accuser and his witnesses at the earliest possible moment, that my friends and the public may know the whole truth. To make the issue plain and direct, I declare to you my entire innocence of each and every specification contained in the charges against me. They are false and corruptly false, and upon this issue I challenge my accuser to the proof. The motives that have led to this unparalleled assault upon individual character will fully appear when you shall know all the facts. I was to be the first victim, but my disgrace is only one of the objects within the scope and design of the conspiracy. I desire to stand or fall in this investigation, as the truth shall decide, and while I cannot be indifferent to the outrage which has been perpetrated upon my family and myself by the publication of these atrocious charges, I hope you will discard all considerations of a personal character so far as I am concerned, and, after hearing all sides, do what is just. The charges now before you are the sequel to the anonymous communication sent to the Speaker of the House of Representatives at the last session of the Legislature over the signature of "W. Brown." That communication was referred to a committee consisting of your board and two gentlemen, Judge A. L. Roache and Judge Solomon Blair, who were appointed by Governor Hendricks to assist in the investigation. "The report of that committee was not made until every opportunity had been given to those who profess to know the facts, to produce witnesses in support of the charges contained in the letter. It is true that the committee declined to give publicity to the statements contained in that letter, because, as their report shows, they were unwilling to

PARADE BEFORE THE PUBLIC

the names of reputable ladies, whose characters were assailed by an anonymous and irresponsible correspondent. The report of that committee has since been denounced as a "white-washing" document, and now that the whole truth may appear, and the depraved malice of my accusers may be exposed, I ask that you shall re-open that investigation, and go to the bottom of every charge made against me, whether its author be known or unknown, responsible or irresponsible. I desire the issue to be made so broad and the investigation so public and thorough, that we may make an end of this infamous business now and forever. The published charges are accompanied by certain statements purporting to have been made by persons actually inmates of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. Before proceeding to an examination of this so-called "documentary evidence," and an exposure of the methods by which it was procured, it is proper that I should say something of the motives which have induced this assault upon me by John E. Fawcner and his man, William M. French. When Fawcner's niece, Ida K. Fawcner, first stated to the officers of the institution that

HER UNCLE WAS HER SEDUCER, and had furnished her the means of producing an abortion, he was promptly informed that such an accusation had been made against him. Soon thereafter the anonymous letter, signed "W. Brown," was sent to the Legislature, and though Fawcner was invited to be present at the investigation of the committee to whom that letter was referred, he declined to attend. Since that time he has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Marion county, and is now awaiting trial on the charge which his niece made against him. He hoped to break the force of that accusation by a bold and unscrupulous assault upon the characters of others. In the person of William M. French, a deaf-mute, he found a fit tool for the accomplishment of his purpose. I undertake to prove to you that French is, and has been, in the employ and pay of Fawcner ever since and before Fawcner was indicted by the grand jury. I shall be able to show you that French wrote the anonymous communication, signed "W. Brown," that he has since falsely sworn that he knew nothing about it; and that, since making that oath, he has admitted that he did write it. French was at one time a pupil of the institution, and for short time held a position there as teacher. His conduct was so scandalous that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1868, he was dismissed from the institution, and his presence on its grounds was forbidden by the board of trustees. A copy of the official action of the board is herewith produced:

THE CHARACTER OF WM. M. FRENCH.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana Institution for Deaf and Dumb, June 4, 1868, the following action was taken:

The superintendent reported that he had been compelled to suspend Wm. M. French from his duties as a teacher of the institution. The board, after a patient hearing of the case, passed the following order, to wit:

Ordered, That William M. French, a teacher in this institution, on account of highly immoral and improper conduct, be and is hereby dismissed from the institution, and his presence on its grounds be and hereby is strictly forbidden.

I hereby certify that the above is a true copy of the minutes in the case of William M. French at the date above mentioned.

(To be continued.)

News of the Week.

The new Masonic Temple at Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third street was dedicated Wednesday, with imposing ceremonies. The procession of Masons was one of the largest ever seen in the city. Thirty-five thousand men were in line, and the procession took two hours and ten minutes to pass a given point.

The German Government announces that it reserves the right of holding an inquiry into the loss of the steamer Schiller, in addition to the one in progress at Greenwich.

The Judge of the United States District Court at Galveston, Tex., has decided that the Civil Rights act is unconstitutional.

A violent storm in Indiana has done much damage to property, sweeping away railway bridges and delaying trains. Four persons are reported drowned.

The Ohio Republicans June 2nd, nominated a full State ticket, with ex-Gov. R. B. Hayes for Governor, and then adopted a platform declaring against a third term or a division of the Common School fund.

A heavy cyclone on the Chinese coast is reported to have done much damage to shipping.

A large number of Pennsylvania coal miners were on Thursday forced to quit work by strikers who refuse to accept the 1875 basis. At Mahanoy City the sheriff's posse was fired on, a fight ensued, and one man was killed and several were wounded. The militia were called out.

A package containing over \$47,000 was stolen Thursday from the cash-room of the Treasury Department at Washington.

The Spanish legation has not yet been recognized by the Mexican Government, the letter announcing King Alfonso's accession to the throne having miscarried.

A fire, which was quickly suppressed by the officers and crew, broke out in the coal-bunkers of the Crescent City on her voyage to Havana.

At Dardaville, Ark., Thursday, Hon. R. W. Wishard killed Dr. P. Clayden, one of the Independent editors.

Treadwell & Co., agricultural implementers, San Francisco, have failed for \$500,000.

Twenty thousand dollars worth of laces, formerly the property of the Empress Eugenie, have been smuggled into this country, pawned for \$385 in Washington, and just found there.

The Corporation of London have decided to invite the Mayor of New York to an international municipal banquet next month.

The report that King Alfonso is engaged to be married to a German Princess is denied.

The American rifle team sailed Saturday.

There is yet no clue to the disappearance of the \$47,000 from the Treasury.

The Treasury Department decides that fish caught in the inland lakes or Canadian tributaries, are free of duty unless packed and salted.

The incumbent officers of the Grand Lodge of Masons, of this State, have been re-elected.

The Indians, at Washington, will not agree to sell their hunting rights in Nebraska, for \$25,000, until they talk with their people.

F. W. Witcher, of the Canadian fishery department, has statistics to show that the United States owes Canada \$80,000,000 for fish.

Twenty-two Chicago aldermen have been fined \$100 each and their counsel \$300 each for contempt in ignoring an injunction against counting votes at the recent municipal election.

The Secretary of the Treasury has ordered the exclusion of all visitors from rooms where money is handled.

It is said that movements are on foot to recover against any members of the Tweed ring in the court of any country where they may be.

Henry W. Barry, member of Congress for the 3d Mississippi district died at Washington, Monday.

A number of prominent leaders of the miners' strike in Pennsylvania have been indicted at Clearfield for riot.

Henry Greenwall, proprietor of the Tremont Opera House, Galveston, Texas, has been fined \$500, under the civil rights law, for refusing seats in the parquette to two colored women.

On the 30th of March the Loyalty Island, South Pacific, was overwhelmed by a tidal wave, caused by an earthquake; three villages were destroyed, and immense damage to life and property done.

The English Federal Union of Agriculture Laborers will send two delegates to the Mississippi valley to ascertain its suitability for settlement.

A few days since William Colville, a carter, near Dunfermline, in Scotland, left home, accompanied by his dog. On the afternoon of the next day the dog came back to the house, and acted in such a peculiar and excited manner that Colville's friends resolved to follow the animal, the result being that the dog led them to the shaft of a disused coal pit in the neighborhood, and there stopped, taking its stand close by the enclosure of the shaft. Grappling irons were procured, and after these had been used for a considerable time—extending over several days—the dead body of the missing man was found and brought to the bank.

County Treasurer Conklin returned from New York on Monday night, and reports matters at the Comptroller's office settled satisfactorily.

That handsome wagon which has recently appeared on our streets, and which has been a good deal admired, is owned by L. Robbins & Son, proprietors of Railroad Mills, and was made by Lewis Miller.

The currant worm is at work. Carbamate of lime, sprinkled upon the bushes is said to be a preventive.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

A PAPER

FOR THE DEAF & DUMB.

While adhering to the policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

THE JOURNAL FOR 1875.

BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

EVERY DEPARTMENT WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE.

BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIMS WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT.

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